

A
P O E M
U P O N A
Laurel-Leaf.

Viris admodum Colendis,

P U B L I C Æ S C H O L Æ,

Vulgò dictæ,

Harrow super Montem,

G U B E R N A T O R I B U S,

V I Z.

Dn° CAROLO GERARD Baronetto.

Dn° EDVARDO WALDO Militi.

CHEEK GERARD,

DANIELI WALDO,

GULIELMO FEN,

EDVARDO WALDO,

} Armigeris.

Hoc quaecunque Poema, *Gulielmus Bolton* M.A.
& ejusdem Scholæ Archi-didascalus, humil-
limè dedicat.

IN LAURUM APOLLINI dicatam,
cujus Foliis (monitu Reverendi Viri
Domini Fisher, & jussu Honoratissimæ
Dominæ, Dominæ Gerard) usus sum,
quæ mihi Morbo articulari laboranti,
sæpe medicata sunt.

CONvenere loco quodam flammantis Olympi
(Ut fama est) omnes Diique Deæque simul.

Quis placuit varias leges edicere, & inter

Istas, de Arboribus Lex fuit una rata.

Estò Fovi Quercus, Pinus Cybelæque dicata,

Populus Alcidi, Pallas, Oliva tibi.

Sit mihi, Bacchus ait, Vitis, dulcissima Vitis,

Deliciæque virum, deliciæque Deum.

Formosæ Veneris circundet tempora Myrtus,

Myrto cincta duas vicerat illa deas.

Sol memor & sati Phaethontis, & orbis adusti,

Deposuit radios, qui nocuere, suos.

Pro radiis dixit, cingat mea tempora Laurus,

Sola caput nostrum Laureæserta tegant.

* Vide Ovidii Metamorph. l. 1. Nunc, Quàm me juvat * esculæas dimittere frondes?

Jupiter has solus, si placet, inquit, habe.

Sic Phæbus: risere Dii, risere Deæque;

Et mira attonito res mihi visa fuit.

Quamvis attonito, causas tamen addere causis

Stat mihi, cur Phæbo Laureæ sacra fuit.

Anne quòd, aiebam, flammis data conscia Laurus

Dat strapitum, Dominum ceu miserata suum?

An, quòd perpetuo Laurus frondescit honore,

Est semper, Juvenis ceu Deus iste, viget?

An, quòd non sævi fulmen timet illa Tonantis,

Fulmen, quò Phaethon præcipitatus erat?

Upon the *LAUREL*, sacred to *APOLLO*,
 whose Leaves I made use of (by the Ad-
 vice of Mr. Fisher, and the repeated Com-
 mands of the Honourable the Lady Gerard)
 which have often cured me of a Rheu-
 matism.

Paraphrastically translated by T. F. Gent.

THE Gods and Goddeses, with joint Consent,
 Met once (as Fame reports) in Parliament,
 And there dispos'd, by high and firm Decrees,
 Of all Things; and, amongst the rest, of Trees.
Jove made *Dodona's* Noble Oak his Choice,
 His Right being first to an Elective Voice.
 The Mother-Goddes took the lofty Pine.
 The fruitful Olive was, *Minerva*, thine.
 And jolly *Bacchus* chose the spreading Vine.
 Sacred t' *Alcides* was the Poplar Tree :
 The Myrtle, Beauteous Queen of Love, to thee.
 Let all the Grove turn round into a Ring,
 And bowing low, salute thy Myrtle King.
 'Twas made for Rule, tho' not for Empire fit
 By Native Worth, yet by thy Choice of it.
Apollo laid his too-bright Glories down,
 And wreath'd about his Head a Laurel Crown,
 Loving much less to be in Sun shine seen,
 Than clad in new and everlasting Green.
Jove turn'd about his Head, and smiling said,
 Now, now you have enjoy'd the flying Maid.
 Most thought the thing ridiculous and odd,
 A Choice too foolish for so wise a God ;
 And all did *Pallas* and *Lyens* praise,
 Who from their Trees both Wine and Oil could raise.

*An, quòd venturi narratur præsicia, visa est
 Arbor Fatidico Laurea digna Deo ?
 Nunc banc, nunc aliam placuit mihi fingere causam,
 Quin causa incerta est ista, vel ista mihi.
 Arborem in banc versâ de Daphnè fabula venit
 In mentem ; baud placuit fabula at ista mihi.
 Ob fructum, dixi, Pallas dilexit Olivam ;
 Neve minùs prudens Pallade, Phœbus erat :
 Inveni tandem : Medicorum Divus Apollo est ;
 Consului Medicos ; hi retulere nihil.
 Ridebat quidam, si quisquam, verus amicus,
 Quique Lucas misero contulit alter opem ;
 Ridebat, Quare, &, Medicos tu consulis, inquit ?
 Ut radios, Laurum donat Apollo tibi.
 Non capio, dixi : Non me capis, ille ferebat ?
 Dât Phœbus gratis munera quæque sua.
 Te Medici Laurum, te celavere, salutem
 Quamque Ars istorum non dabit, illa dabit.
 Vane, quid à Medicis posthàc sperare licebit ?
 Quum Needhamus opem non tulit ipse tibi.
 Non tulit ipse tibi ; qui sæpe e faucibus atræ
 Mortis, te raptum reddidit arte suâ.
 Needhamus, cui non Medicorum opprobria dici
 Possunt, quem doctum noveris atque pium.
 Pergit : luce suâ quâ conspicit omnia, Phœbus
 Virtutem Lauro vidit inesse suæ.
 Nec deservit adhuc : Quendam vidisti n' amicum,
 More tui misero qui laceratus erat ?
 Acceptam Lauro gratus fert ille salutem ;
 Vidisti, erectus quàm novus Æson adest ?
 Arreptâ dextrâ Laurus tunc comiter usum
 Me docet ; at surdis auribus ille canit.
 Morbo etiam atque etiam fueram distortus acuto ;
 (Scilicet, baud Laurum corpora sana probent)
 Assurgit tandem mulier sata sanguine Regum,
 (Cui non est Virtus nobilitate minor)
 Hæc, tanquam fuerat divino concita motu,
 Useret ut Lauro, ter mihi jussa dedit.*

Dominus
 Meur.

I wonder'd likewise at an Act so vain,
 And feard the God had prejudic'd his Brain ;
 And sought a thousand Reasons in my Mind,
 T' excuse the Choice, but could no Reason find.
 I knew the Laurel had been always worn,
 And still the Heads of Poets did adorn ;
 But since the Rhiming Tribe are always poor,
 (For Father *Homer* begg'd from Door to Door)
 The Laurel was for *Mercury* more fit,
 As th' Emblem both of Poverty and Wit.
 At last, thought I, since *Phæbus* has the Art,
 As God of Physick, Med'cine to impart,
 Perhaps by Laurel he some way has found
 To cure an high Disease, or heal a Wound.
 I ask't the Doctors, whether it were so ;
 Who smiling at my Question, answered, No.
 But wiser *Fisher* better Comfort gave,
Fisher the Name of Second *Luke* may have ;
Fisher, that can both Souls and Bodies save.
 Consult Physicians, Friend, said he, no more,
 But take *Apollo's* much more bounteous Store ;
 He with a quick and all discerning Eye
 The secret Vertues did of Laurel spie.
 All may enjoy alike his Beams and Tree ;
 He scatters both his Blessings, frank and free ;
 Gives the best Physick, and yet takes no Fee.
 Dost thou not know, (thou canst not chuse but know)
 How our dear Friend was wrack't a while ago ?
 How your Disease did all his Limbs surprize ?
 A Torture, which almost all Art defies.
 Yet he no sooner did these Leaves apply,
 But he cry'd out aloud, I will not die.
 I feel, I change this heavy lump of Earth,
 And, *Æson* like, receive a second Birth.
 This, and much more, my dear Friend *Fisher* told,
 And then began its Virtues to unfold.
 I stupid, hardly heard the Words he spake,
 Nor minded Counsel, I refus'd to take :

}

}

Monsieur
Meur.

'Till

Nec mora : continuò illius præcepta faceſſo,

Atque manu capio munera, Phæbe, tua.

Admotâ Lauro, morbi fugère dolores,

Et ſumunt vires corpora noſtra novas :

Auricomis ramis tutus ſic Troïus Heros

Tartarei vidit regna timenda Dei.

Poſt Laurum acceptam, Quàm ſum diverſus ab iſto

Olim qui fueram ? Quàm novus alter ego ?

Diſſimilis primæ Domina es Gerarda Parenti ;

Arbore tu vitam, contulit Eva necem.

Viſa tuo Regi in ſomnis dedit verba ſalutem,

Quam medici haud dederant, ſic Ptolomæe, tibi.

Romano, multos hoſtes qui fudit, habere

Appoſitam Laurum, fas erat, ante fores.

Heu ! Quàm non decuit talem ſacra Apollinis arbor ?

Servâſſe eſt Phæbi, non jugulâſſe viros.

Arbor pluris erit Phæbi, ratione medendi,

(Si minimo vatum ſcire futura dedit)

Quid ? Laurum ſpectat Phæbus de ſede coruſcâ,

Reddentem miſeris corpora firma viris :

Inunc, letus ait, mireris, Pallas, Olivam,

Vitemque oſtendas, ebrie Bacche, tuam.

Afficiunt morbis mortales munera veſtra ;

E Lauro noſtrâ eſt certa reperta ſalus.

* V. Ovid. *Quòd per te, Alma Pales*, valere hominesq; gregesque,*

de Faſt. *Grata tuis fuerat Laurus aduſta focis.*

L. 4.

Nunc, per me, Medicis licet ingeminare cachinnos,

Arborem Apollineam dilacerentque jocis.

Gratus ego ſcribam : Vireat Phæbeia Laurus,

Quâ mihi plus nummi, pluſque ſalutis adeſt.

'Till by a Noble Lady order'd thrice,
 I yielded to her safe and wise Advice.
 The Prophetess affirm'd, th' Effects were sure,
 And both at once foretold and made the Cure.
 Tell me, my Muse, for thou alone canst tell,
 What Magick in the beauteous Sex does dwell?
 What charming Witchcraft do the Fair invent,
 To force, and yet persuade us to consent?
 Blest be the Sex, so apt and prone to save,
 And blest the Tongue, which those Injunctions gave.
 What diff'rent Gifts do I from you receive,
 From those bestow'd by my first Mother *Eve*?
 She brought in Death by one forbidden Tree,
 You by another do new Life decree;
 And by an Act, which nothing can confute,
 Have made the Leaf more noble than the Fruit:
 For nothing, when I'm sick, can that excel,
 Which but to use and try, is to be well.
 That healing Herb was something like this Tree,
 Which *Alexander* did in Vision see,
 And did his Health to *Ptolemy* restore,
 When the Physicians had quite gi'n him o're.
Rome (which allow'd t' each mighty Conqueror
 To plant a Laurel-tree before his Door)
 Mistook its Property, and plac'd it ill;
 The Laurel is to cure, and not to kill.
 And therefore *Phæbus* values it as good,
 Rather for saving, than for spilling Blood.
 Now, O Physicians, torture whom you please
 With nauseous Potions, worse than the Disease.
 Who'll now esteem those Medcines you impart,
 When one poor Leaf can baffle all your Art.
 Mock as ye will, ye have my leave to grin;
 I'll trust the Proverb, *Let them laugh that win*:
 And will that safer Physick still pursue,
 Which gives me Health, and saves my Money too.

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